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Kyria Sophia

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Additional Keywords

Michael Logan

KYRIA SOPHIA

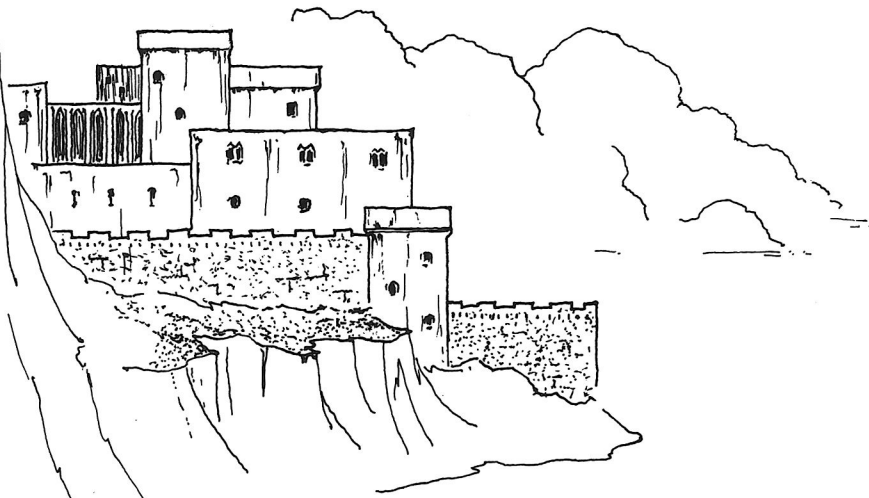
For Nancy Lou Patterson, Stormed.

"SHE IS MORE RADIANT THAN THE SUN... SHE SPANS
THE WORLD IN POWER... SHE MAKES ALL THINGS NEW."
WISDOM OF SOLOMON

Long years I kept behind my castle wall,
My ramparts guarded warily and well.
My neighbors, they who plotted my downfall,
Would find my moat was deep,
my towers tall.

My walls were stout and arrowslits
were small.

The air was dim and stifling in my hall
And only echoes echoed to my call
But I was my own lord, no thrall.



Written out & embellished by MICHAEL LOGAN

And then she came!

Fair as the moon, ablaze like the noonday sun,

Terrifying, a many-bannered host.

By tender violence I was unmade.

My longbow clattered down from nerveless hands.

Rafts swarmed my moat; my tall portcullis split.

With roars and billowing dust my walls
were breached.

A mightier than I became my liege.

She ground my fort to dust and dug anew.

My fetid moat, back in its ancient bed,

Streams sparkling life; spring flowers
of every hue

Begem its soft-grassed banks; and in the stead

Of my stout keep, a tree whose windy breadth

Of worldspread branches harbors bird and beast;

Whose fragrant blossoms promise death
to death;

And in whose light we neighbors lay a feast.

GRACIA FAY ELLWOOD